

PLYMOUTH WEEKLY BANNER.

A Family Newspaper—Devoted to Education, Agriculture, Commerce, Markets, General Intelligence, Foreign and Domestic News.

VOL. 4.—NO. 27.]

PLYMOUTH, INDIANA, THURSDAY, SEPTEMBER 20, 1855.

[WHOLE NO. 183.]

THE BANNER

IS PUBLISHED EVERY THURSDAY MORNING.
(Up stairs in the Old Plymouth Hotel.)

BY WM. J. BURNS.

TERMS.

If paid in advance, - - - - - \$1.50
At the end of six months, - - - - - 2.00
At the end of the year, - - - - - 2.50
A failure to order a discontinuance at the expiration of the time subscribed for, will be considered a new engagement, and the paper continued.
No money will be discontinued until arrears are paid, unless at the option of the Publisher.
The above terms will be strictly adhered to.

ADVERTISING.

(TEN LINES OR LESS MAKE A SQUARE.)
One square three insertions or less \$1.00.
Each additional insertion 25c.
Business Cards inserted one year \$5.00.
Large advertisements must be cash in advance or acceptable security. Advertisements times unexpired, will be inserted till forbidden and charged at the above rates.

DIRECTORY.

CHARLES PALMER, Dealer in Dry Goods, Boots & Shoes, Hardware, Queensware, Groceries, and Hats & Caps.
NELSON McLAUGHLIN Saddle and Harness Manufacturer, one door west of the corner in the Old Plymouth Hotel.
BROCK & EVANS, Dealers in Dry Goods, Groceries, Crockery and Ready made Clothing; corner Laporte & Mich. streets.
J. BROWNLEE & CO. Dealers in Dry Goods, Boots & Shoes, Ready made Clothing, Hardware & Cutlery.
D. T. A. LEMON, Practicing Physician, and Dealer in Drugs & Medicines, Oil, Paints & Groceries, east side Michigan street.
R. PACKARD, Dealer in Foreign and Domestic Groceries and Provisions, east side Michigan street.
W. L. PRATT, Chair & Cabinet maker, and Undertaker, Furniture room in north room of the Old Plymouth Hotel.
J. McHANNEL, Manufacturer and Dealer in Boots & Shoes and Shoe Findings, west side Michigan street.
O. M. RAINARD, Saddle & Harness manufacturer, west side of Michigan street.
G. R. CLAVELAND Wholesale and retail Dealer in Stoves, Tinware, & Hardware generally, west side Michigan street.
N. H. GILLESPIE & CO. Dealers in Dry Goods, Groceries, Hardware, Boots and Shoes, Crockery &c., in the Brick Store.
ROBERT BISK, Dealer in Family Groceries, Provisions and Tinware. Bakery attached, east side Michigan street.
ICE CREAM SALOON, N. H. Tibbitts proprietor, up stairs in Rusk's building.
F. RIMPLEY, Merchant Tailor, and Dealer in Clothing and all kinds of Furnishings, in Rusk's building.
W. S. PERKINS & HEWITT, Dealers in Dry Goods, Groceries, Hardware Boots & Shoes, Ready made Clothing &c.
H. B. PERSHING Wholesale and Retail Dealer in Drugs, Medicines, Oils, Paints, Glass & Glassware, Groceries, & other wares.
BROWN & BAXTER Manufacturers of Tin Sheet Iron and Copperware, and Dealers in Signs—sign of Tin & Sheet Iron.
C. H. BEVEE, Attorney at Law. Collections punctually attended to in Northern Indiana. Lands for sale cheap.
M. W. SMITH, Justice of the peace, will attend to business in the Circuit and Com. Pleas courts. Over the Post office.
MRS. BAKER, Miller & Mantua Maker, and Dealer in all kinds of Millinery Goods. Gans street, west of Michigan st.
D. R. SAMPL, HIGGINBOTHAM, Physician and Surgeon. Office at his residence on the east side of Michigan street.
JOHN COFFEE, Keeps a general assortment of Dry Goods, Groceries, Vegetables and Meats of all kinds. Cor. Gans & Mich. st.
J. D. GRAY, Electric Physician, will attend to calls day or night. Office four doors north of C. H. Beeve's residence.
L. H. HAYTT & Co. Wagon, Carriage & Plow Manufacturers, at their new stand at the south end of the Bridge, Michigan street.
D. R. BROWN, Physician and Surgeon, will promptly attend to all calls in his profession. Office at his residence, south Plymouth street.
L. A. JOSEPH, Cabinet Maker and Undertaker, South Plymouth.
D. R. CHAS. WEST, Electric Physician, Office at his residence, east side Michigan street.
CHAS. KLINE, Clock and Watchmaker, and Silver-reminding generally. Up stairs in the Old Plymouth Hotel.
EDWARDS HOTEL, Wm. C. Edwards Proprietor, corner of Michigan and Washington streets.
P. C. TURNER, House Carpenter & Joiner. Shop on Washington street, east of Michigan street.
A. K. BRIGGS, Horse Shoeing and Blacksmithing of all kinds done to order. Shop south east of Edwards' Hotel.
AMERICAN HOUSE, G. P. Cherry & Son Proprietors, South Plymouth.
A. BALDWIN, Manufactures and keeps on hand custom made Boots & Shoes; east side Michigan street.
JOHN SMITH, Manufacturer of Fine Custom made Boots. Shop next door south of Dr. Higinbotham's office.
JAMES & M. ELLIOTT Turners, Chair Makers, and Sign Painters, Michigan street, South Plymouth.
J. W. GILSON Cabinet Maker. Wheel Right, and Chair Maker, North Plymouth.
J. E. ARMSTRONG, attends to all calls in his line of Daguerreotyping, at his residence north of Edwards' Hotel.
M. H. BECHER & CO. Dealers in Family Groceries, Provisions, Confectionaries &c. South Plymouth.
BLANK NOTES, Of an approved form, for sale at this office.

In the Market.

Wheat At the highest market prices, taken on subscription to the Banner, delivered at the office. July, 1855.

My Little Cousins.

BY WINTHROP MACKWORTH PRIDE.

Evo videtel—Certo Ridianno—Casi fan tutte.

Laugh on, fair cousins, for to you

All life is joyous yet.

Your hearts have all things to pursue

And nothing to regret;

And every flower to you is fair,

And every month is May;

You've not been introduced to Care—

Laugh on, laugh on, to-day!

Old Time will find his clouds are long

Upon those sunny eyes.

The voice, whose every word is song

Will set itself to sighs;

Your quiet lingers—hopes and fears

Will chase their rest away;

To-morrow you'll be shedding tears—

Laugh on, laugh on, to-day!

O, yes; if any truth is found

In the dull schoolmaster's theme—

If friendship is an empty sound,

And love an idle dream—

If youth, whose playmate, feels fatigue,

Too soon on life's long way,

At least he'll run with you a league—

Laugh on, laugh on, to-day!

Perhaps your eyes may grow more bright

As childhood's suns depart;

You may be lovelier to the sight,

And dearer to the heart;

You may be sinless still, and so

This earth still green and gay;

But what you are you will not be—

Laugh on, laugh on, to-day!

O'er me have many winter's crept,

With less of grief than joy;

I have learned, and toiled, and wept—

I am no more a boy!

I've never had the goat's t'is true,

My hair is hardly gray;

But now I can't laugh like you—

Laugh on, laugh on, to-day!

I used to have as glad a face,

As shadowless a brow;

I once could run as blithe a race

As you are running now;

But never mind how I behave—

Don't interrupt your play;

And, though I look so very grave,

Laugh on, laugh on, to-day!

The Indian's Payment;

Or, "He no Forget."

BY MRS. CAROLINE A. SOULE.

It was late in the month of November.

The day had been cold and gusty, with

occasional dashes of rain, and the evening,

which set in early, promised to be

one of tempest and gloom. The wind

was rushing about with that low, mournful

howl which is known only in the autumn

time, lashing the naked boughs of the

old forest trees with its furious surges,

whirling the dead leaves which lay

heaped in the dark ravines into the most

storm eddies, and driving everything before

it with a violence that made them

only too glad to flee. The clouds, which

had hung in scattered masses while the

lucid sun sent its straggling rays among

them, gathered themselves into a single

mighty one and shrouded the heavens as

with a pall, threatening every moment to

burst into drenching floods.

"God pity the homeless to-night!" ex-

claimed a young man in an emphatic tone,

as pushing open the rude door of his log

cabin, he dragged in the old baggage that

was to warm the rough hearth stone and

irradiate the brow of the weary traveler.

"God pity them and help them,"

too, for a cold and weary time they will

have. I trust no one wanders to-night

in this wilderness; though lest one there

should be, I'd do what I can to give them

a beacon light," and even while he spoke,

he planted the huge knotty stick into a

bed of crimson coals and filled the space

between it and the old iron fire-holders

with a generous armful of light dry kind-

ling which soon burst into a brilliant

blaze, not only scattering light and heat

across the dim apartment, but sending a

stream of moon-like rays through the tiny

windows, that went dancing like a

thing of life through the outer darkness

till it was lost in the mazes of the untrac-

ked forest.

"There," said the warm hearted wood-

man, as he watched the sky-bound sparks

and the continuous glow, "I've done my

part to-day leading them to a home, if any

there be abroad and wandering, and now

let them enjoy it myself," and he drew his

seat to the homely board on which smoked

a hunter's fare—streak from the wild

deer, a stew of birds, which he had shot

while standing in the door of his cabin,

and cakes of powdered corn, nicely baked

and browned on a clean corner of the

rough hearth. A relishing meal it was

too, for the hands of a loving and gentle

wife had cooked it all, and honest, sturdy

work had awakened that keen zest for food

which the idler never knew.

"A supper fit for a king," said he, as

he returned to his cozy place before the

fire. "We shan't starve yet while Moll

and I are here, and she's a good one, and

game in the woods, and strength in

these brawny arms. Only keep a warm

hope in your heart, little wife, and our

home will yet be a bonny spot!" And

then he folded his arms across his breast,

and bent his head and seemed to be read-

ing bright fancies in the warm firelight.

And when his light evening chores were

done up, his wife drew her seat close be-

side him, and as he all went on such

stormy nights, when the hearth stone

beams, the two warmed their young man-

hoods and strengthened the pinions of

hope. And the evening sped on, wildly,

and awfully without, but calmly and

beautifully within, by the side of the blaz-

ing fire, whose streaming light was the

only star that gleamed in that dim old

forest.

"We'll keep the fire up all night, and

as bright as we can, too," said the brave

pioneer, as, ere he leaped into bed, in-

stead of raking the coals, he threw on a

fresh bundle of splints; "it's too awful a

night for me to sleep sound, and I may as

well tend it as not. God help any that

room, if any there be and guide them

this way. It shall never be said that I

darkened my fire on a night like this."

Once or twice did he arouse himself

from the slumber that in spite of his awe

of the storm would steal over his senses,

and renew the blaze that was dying away,

but then, as the rain ceased its dashing,

and fell only on the rough roof with a

lullaby tone, and the wind hushed its

howls and only moaned in a weary like

way, he suffered himself to sink into that

calm, deep sleep which comes only to

those who have labored with hands that

were clean and hearts that were pure.

An hour passed on, and still he slept,

and the blazing brands died in the ashes,

and the old baggage cleft with the even-

ing's flame, dropped slowly its crimson

flakes, giving out no longer a brilliant

flash, but only a steady glare.

Just then, wearied, foot-sore and sick,

there leaped against the rough door a

poor Indian hunter, a brave and right loy-

al descendant of those red men who, ere

the pioneer girdled his trees, was king of

this wild old world. Many a long, weary

mile had he traveled since dawn, and when

the dark night had set in so stormy and

cold, he had drawn his torn blanket about

him and sought only to find in the grove

some hollow in which to lie down and

chant the death-song that had rung all

day in his ears. A long time he wander-

ed, entangling himself yet deeper in the

intricate windings of the dense old wood.

But just when his feet lagged most and

his heart was sorest, a beam from the old

woodman's fire lit on his path, and lit too,

a hope in his bosom. He followed the

ray, and ere the last brand had fallen, he

was near the rude home that his Indian eye

could track the path which its owner had

made in the forest, and follow it to his

door.

But there he paused awhile. Would

the white man be kind to his red faced

brother, and give him the food he craved

and a skin to lie on by the fire.

"Me try him," said he, as he pushed

against the door, "me try him—he good

to me, me no forget," and the wooden

bar rattled and the woodman awoke—

startled, but not afraid. One bound bro't

him to the door, and with one hand on its

guard and one on his rifle, he called—

"Who's there—what want you?"

"Me Indian; me sick and me hungry;

me—'ere he could speak more the door

flew open and he was bid to come in

and be welcome.

"Friend nor foe stands outside my door

on a night like this," said the sturdy host

as he threw on a generous armful of his

light wood, and raked out the coals till

they were all of a glow.

"Me your friend, and me no forget,"

said the Indian, in a voice emphatic but

weak, as he sank on the hearth stone, and

tore off his blanket that was dripping and

cold, and suffered the warm rays of light

to creep over his great brawny limbs and

reddeh the cheek that had never been pale

before.

"And I'm your friend; for God knows

by your looks you need one," responded

the brave pioneer; "and the best that I

have shall be yours to-night," and sit-

ting action to words, he set on the table

the remains of the evening meal, and then

drawing out a clear bed of coals, laid

over them a generous slice of a noble

deer he had slaughtered himself, and had

soon a smoking meal to tempt the hun-

gry palate of his guest. Then casting a

bundle of skins on the floor close to the

hearth stone, and taking off from the bed

whereon lay his wife, trembling with si-

lence terror, a heavy blanket, he told the

poor Indian to rest himself there till mor-

row, and longer if he choose. And then

with a heart lighter and happier than

when he arose, he lay down again, draw-

ing his pale companion closely to his

breast, and quieting her fears with endear-

ments as gentle and soothing as those a

mother bestows on a frightened child.

When they awoke in the morning their